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Are Russia's Crown Jewels, Missing from Palace Vault, Right Here in New York?

Did the Czarina Secretly Arrange for Their Removal to Germany as a "Nest Egg?"

Was She Duped by Unfaithful Courtiers Who Sent There Only Chests Full of Junk?

Did They Bring or Send the Jewels Here to New York to Turn Them Into Cash?

And Is the Key to the Mystery Literally One to a Certain Downtown Safe Deposit Box?

By Robert Welles Ritchie

ARE the burning rubies and star-clear diamonds that once lent barbaric splendor to the crown of Russia's Peter the Great locked in a New York safe deposit vault? And do the gorgeous pearl clusters wherewith the proud Catherine used to grace her powdered hair repose behind the battleship steel doors of some subterranean treasure house within sound of lower Broadway's traffic?

The spirit of romance trembles over the answers to these questions, which may be given to-day or to-morrow in a prosaic courtroom of prosy Hoboken. If it has not already been done, some day soon a key will turn in a lock somewhere down in a steel room and either a flood of gem light will be reflected from the shining walls or a pretty bubble blown by romance weavers will be pricked.

A far cry from the treasure room of a Czar's palace in Petrograd to a strong room in New York. Yes, but a further cry to Hoboken! But so the capricious genius of romance delights to order contrasts. Here is the story whose threads are gathered from Petrograd, from New York and Hoboken—the story of the $2,000,000 crown treasure of the Romanoffs which disappeared from the Hermitage, in Petrograd, and reappeared—?

On June 1, when customs officers boarded the Swedish steamship Helig Olav and proceeded to collect the declarations from her passengers, a Russian noblewoman—the Baroness X., we'll call her—whispered something into the ear of one of them. Perhaps what she told the customs man already had guessed—for the secret channels of information between New York and European revenue collectors still remain open, despite the war. However that may be, two of the Swedish liner's passengers were held for failure to declare certain valuable gems in their possession.

A third passenger, who posed as one in the employ and wearing the uniform of the Government and who sailed from Petrograd, got off the boat at Hoboken unquestioned. Perhaps the Baroness X did not know that this pseudo-officer was a confederate of another man in American uniform and equally spurious, remaining in Russia, and that what he carried in a neat square suitcase was equivalent to the dowry of a Persian princess—diamonds, emeralds of the Urals, topaz that out-dazzle the sun, and pearls.

The Baroness X had been asked by the two apprehended to assist them in getting to shore some valuable gems. They had shown some of them to her. Familiar with the old court of Czar Nicholas and his Czarina, Alexandra, the Baroness recognized in these precious stones some of the crown jewels of the old imperial court which had mysteriously disappeared at the time of Russia's Kerensky revolution. She refused to be a party to the smuggling of these jewels.

Secret Service sleuths picked up the trail of the pseudo-officer whose neat square suitcase they wished so much to examine. It was a devious trail but it led finally to a key. This is the key to a safe deposit box downtown—and to the solution of the mystery of the Czar's crown jewels.

Now follow the thread of the story that crosses the sea to Petrograd in the throes of revolution and anarchy surpassing the experience of the world for a hundred years:

A German-born princess, her puny and neurotic husband who was born Nicholas Romanoff and several dark figures moving behind the glare of a people's incendiarism all are bound by this thread. Yes, and jewels whose history is dyed with the blood of hundreds who died in the shadows of barbarism.

Alexandra Alix, Princess of Hesse-Darmstadt and Czarina of Russia, is a woman whom sorrow has overwhelmed and fate plunged down from the heights. At last report, she lived a prisoner in the Siberian town of Tobolsk and was called "Mrs. Romanoff." Once she was empress over the greatest domain in the world.

Finding herself raised by marriage from the obscurity of a princess of a little German State to the most pleasant throne in Christendom, Alexandra's actions were often those of a country school girl who becomes mistress of some millionaire's palace-mansion.

One of her weaknesses was precious gems; they were her passion, in fact. Never did Alexandra appear on occasions of state without the queenly coronet of pearls on her brow, the diamond collar of Catherine about her throat and upon her bosom and fingers all the jewels that could find lodgment there. Nicholas, who was a doting husband in his feeble, half-witted way, had agents scour all the marts of Asia for the finest stones to load upon the person of Alexandra.

Besides her own personal collection, she collected by all the Romanoff autocrats, from Mikhail, founder of the house, to the present generation were hers to choose from when she showed herself to the people. She played with emeralds and rubies and priceless sapphires as Maggie, the cannery girl, plays with her string of two-bit beads.

Then came the overthrow of all the old regime in Russia and the elevation of Kerensky and his associates to the unstable leadership of the republic. Nicholas and Alexandra were hurried to Siberia and installed in a steam heated flat in some polysyllabic place where the mercury lingers round fifty below eight months in twelve. Some weeks after the Czar and Czarina had been sent into exile an inventory of the private possessions and state jewels of the former imperial family was ordered. It was decided that all the great collection of crown jewels should be sold and the proceeds devoted to spreading the gospel of man's brotherhood, or some such hare-brained notion.

The Hermitage, a palace museum, had been the depositary of the family and state jewels. The Appraisement Committee went there, opened the safe with the help of vault experts and commenced a survey of the crowns, sceptres, stars and garters of all the glittering collection.

A jewel expert was there to assist them. He screwed a glass into his eye, picked up the gorgeous crown of Mikhail Feodorovitch—a veritable Kremlin tower of gold work and crusts of gems—and brought its great surmounting diamond under his eye.

The judge of gems sank back with a gasp. "Paste!" he murmured. Then, "Paste—paste—paste!" he cried as stone after stone in the great crown came under his glass.

So it was with the entire collection. Only the very small stones whose value was comparatively negligible were genuine.

The imperial gauds and playthings of priceless value had been scientifically plundered!

Whether through one of the old palace retainers turned traitor against his former mistress or by some clever detective work, suspicion pointed very strongly against the late Czarina. A custom house record of several trunks hastily shipped out of Russia via Sweden and consigned to Germany in August, 1914, at the very outbreak of the war, was discovered. This and that scrap of evidence pointed almost without challenge to the belief that the Czarina had foreseen the possibility of the loss of her throne when war first overwhelmed Europe and had moved to save for herself and her family the treasures of the Romanoffs.

But later other fugitive bits of clues popped up to raise the question: Was the Czarina, betraying Russia, herself betrayed?

Dark stories of palace intrigue have seen half the light—stories of faithless conspirators with the Czarina, who sent trunks filled with junk to Germany while they divided the real plunder among themselves. These double thieves, so strong rumor has it, were themselves driven out of Russia during the madness of Bolshevism and now are trying to convert the jewels of the Czar into gold at the only money market of the world—New York.

So is born a new mystery to live with the tales of the Queen's necklace—which Dumas immortalized—and the hidden pelf of Oom Paul.

THE SILVER LINING.

"She married a millionaire twice her age."

"Awful! She is so young."

"And he is in miserable health besides."

"Oh, well, if he is in miserable health that is not so bad."—Houston Post.

The $2,000,000 Crown Treasure of the Romanoffs

MISSING JEWELS AND HISTORIC POSSESSIONS OF THE RUSSIAN THRONE, WHICH BLAZED IN REGAL SPLENDOR ON STATE OCCASIONS.

The jewels of the Romanoffs comprise forty strings of matched pearls and several thousand individual pearls of great size. Some of the largest pigeon blood rubies known are in the collection. One, the Eye of Tamerlane, is said to have been handed down from the ancient Tartar and to have cost the lives of hundreds slain. Seven wonderful emeralds are in the various crowns of Czar Mikhail Feodorovitch, Peter the Great and Catherine.

The greatest prize of the collection is the famous Orloff diamond, said to have been stolen from the eye of an idol somewhere in India and bought from an Amsterdam diamond merchant by Grigori Orloff for $450,000 in the eighteenth century. The Imperial Regalia of the Winter Palace, the sceptre of Peter the Great and the Orb of Mikhail are also priceless pieces.

How I Pick a Young Man for Promotion

No. 2.

Young Man to Merit Promotion Must Like His Work, Come to It as He Would to a Good Time, and Be Potential Successor of Man "Next Higher Up."

By Frederick Hirschorn

President United Cigar Stores Company.

THE employee who comes to work in the morning, feeling as if he were on his way for a good time, is the kind of young man I should pick for promotion.

The young man who is enthusiastic about his job, the one who is so interested in it that the day is too short for him to accomplish all the work he wants to do, is sure to attain advancement. The man who wastes most of his time waiting for the hands of the clock to point to 5.30 cannot get much work done, and consequently will not be picked for promotion.

If a young man hopes to be a success in the tobacco industry, he must like the tobacco industry. If he does not like it he cannot possibly succeed in it, and he had better find work he does like.

One of my beliefs is that the chief of a department should be a figurehead. He should train the men under him to do their work so perfectly that in his absence the business of his department can be carried on quite as well as under his personal scrutiny and supervision. On the other hand, the absence of one under clerk can mar the workings of an entire department. The men of a well trained orchestra can play beautifully if their leader merely sits before them with folded hands. So a business should be conducted in quite the same degree of efficiency whether the head is present or absent, provided that each worker is well trained and doing his part.

An employee's worth can be estimated by the manner in which he trains the man under him to qualify for the position which he occupies himself. He must have confidence in the firm that employs him. He must believe that when the man under him, through the training received from him, is qualified to take over his job, he himself will be advanced. Naturally he is not going to help the man under him to reach his mark if he is afraid that by doing it he will lose his own job.

So he must trust in the good intention of his employer toward him.

If a vacancy should occur higher up, an employer is not going to promote an employee unless there is another man ready to fill his position.

There are always bigger and bigger things for a man to do. But he cannot avail himself of the opportunity to undertake a more advanced problem if there is no one ready to step into the vacant place.

It has often been said that the secret of Andrew Carnegie's success lay in his selection of his lieutenants. The secret of any man's success is in surrounding himself with abler men than he. It is almost always the boy who began work in the "cellar" rather than the one who started in the "parlor" who climbs the ladder of promotion by leaps and bounds.

Some of our stenographers have developed into splendid salesmen. Some of our "desk boys" are the heads of our largest packing factories.

Before the war the secretary of the former President of our corporation was earning $6,000 a year as head of one of our factories.

At present he is in Washington purchasing for Uncle Sam, at a salary of $2,000 a year, all the tobacco used by our boys. He is a young man, bound to make good and one I should pick for promotion.

EXPERIENCED.

AS Lord Northcliffe hurried down the hotel lounge a correspondent said:

"There goes the most successful and most deservedly successful journalist in the world. In this war he has done more for the Allies' cause than any other man, except Lloyd George.

"A hard chap to interview, though. I could never land him. The last time I wrote him for an interview he wrote back:

"'I am sorry, but I must ask you to excuse me from acceding to your request. I am like the little boy at the school treat who, when the squire's wife came round to him with the strawberry jam, promptly said:

"'No, thank you, ma'am. I am not at the place where they makes it.'"—Washington Star.

Uncle Sam, Transport Chef, Must Serve 210,000 Meals To Nephews on One Ship

7,290 Loaves of Bread Baked and Eaten in One Day—60,000 Pounds of Beef and 132,000 Eggs Last One Trip—And Menu Comprises 180 Different Articles of Diet.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

WHEN it comes to housekeeping the busiest woman in the country has an easy job compared to that of Uncle Sam.

With millions of hungry nephews in khaki and blue to provide for, the old gentleman has tied an apron over his striped trousers and has "come into the kitchen" with a market basket into which food is measured by the ton and with a grim determination that his boys—and ours—shall have the best there is to eat and plenty of it.

And it is not merely in the camps, over here and over there, that Uncle Sam upholds his reputation as "a good provider." Submarines and other dangers may lie in wait for the men who cross the Atlantic on the army transports, but these men run not the slightest risk of starvation. The story of how one of the biggest of the troopships feeds an army at sea is told in most interesting detail in an issue of The Hatchet which has just reached New York. The Hatchet is the daily newspaper published on the high seas for the men going across by an editorial board composed of army and navy officers.

Two hundred and ten thousand meals in fifteen days is the statistical record of "eats" on one ship, according to The Hatchet.

"Dinner gowns, evening clothes, pink lights, broiled lobsters and soft music, plus popping corks, fade back into the forgotten mists when one watches, aboard this ship, the almost unending lines of khaki file by for their meals," says the writer.

"In spaces no larger than a private dining room they come by, thousands upon thousands, and yet in such perfect order that in less than eighty minutes the last man has been served.

"The khaki line seems limitless. It must seem longer than that to those in the rear. But the coffee in the big pots remains hot, the stew continues to steam, and in less than seven seconds each man has an equipment replete with food. It only takes two details to accomplish this miracle—perfect system and vast quantities of things that one can eat. That's about all it takes," the writer reiterates with quiet sarcasm.

"Flour, potatoes and beef are the Big Three that rule the realm below," he continues, "yet there are 159,000 pounds of fresh vegetables waiting to be absorbed, providing the sea doesn't get too rough.

"After receiving their food the men arrange their own menus. For example, one takes gravy on his rice and jam on his bread. The next takes gravy on his bread and jam on his rice, using the combination to produce a crimson tinted mixture of startling effect. American ingenuity is hard to stop."

At this point I begin to suspect the Hatchet's special correspondent of being a mess officer when he isn't a newspaper man. He has such a finely ironic appreciation of the former's trivial duties. He observes:

"Outside of providing 14,000 meals a day for fifteen days, a matter of only 210,000 meals at sea, the mess officer of the ship has very little to do. Very little. He is only called upon to provide, by the regulations, 180 different varieties of food. That's all. Ever try to order 180 different things to eat? Yet this is the authentic list.

"The food needed to feed several thousands of men at sea ranges beyond the glutton's dream. You get the answer in the ship down below the water line, where 7,290 loaves of bread have been baked in one day and eaten, and where you stumble over every variety, from 60,000 pounds of beef to 132,000 eggs, or a compartment of brick ice cream in a ten-degree-above-zero vault.

"And if this doesn't suit you, you can bump along into 49,324 pounds of potatoes, 7,100 pounds of ham and bacon, 7,800 pounds of butter, 9,200 pounds of sugar and 61,500 pounds of flour.

"If you can't get a meal out of this you can still fall back on 4,600 pounds of sausage, 2,400 pounds of sauerkraut, 26,000 pounds of apples, 19,800 pounds of oranges and 4,200 pounds of onions. And this leaves out 1,600 pounds of jam and 9,400 pounds of lima and navy beans.

"The sea brings on an appetite—at times. So does wearing khaki. The combination develops a cyclone. Yet this ship not only yields 14,000 meals a day, but will deposit 100,000 pounds of food at its next port. No wonder Mr. Hoover wanted all food conserved. He must have thought of these men in khaki waiting their turn, one thousand upon another thousand, through a space sixty by forty feet, each man armed with a mess equipment in either fist, ready to go over the top and break the bread line. Breaking the bread line is the proper phrase. On this trip alone they will consume 75,000 loaves and use 2,000 loaves more for sandwiches when they leave ship.

"There is no vast space for all this—but perfect organization, four clean kitchens and a mess force of 188 men turn the trick without a tangle. From potatoes to pies, from ice cream to sauerkraut, from grapefruit to onions, from jam to sardines, the allotment is drawn from its shadowed hiding place below, where the removal of several pounds hardly leaves a dent. And handling 180 varieties of food in quantities that range from eighty pounds to seventy-nine tons speaks almost for itself.

"Just how many calories 750,000 pounds of food contain you can figure for yourself on the next rainy afternoon."

Specials From Uncle Sam's Menu for One Army Transport.

Beef	60,000 lbs.
Potatoes	49,324 lbs.
Fresh vegetables	159,000 lbs.
Apples	26,000 lbs.
Flour	61,500 lbs.
Oranges	19,800 lbs.
Ham and bacon	7,100 lbs.
Sugar	9,200 lbs.
Butter	7,800 lbs.
Beans	9,400 lbs.
Sausage	4,600 lbs.
Onions	4,200 lbs.
Sauerkraut	3,400 lbs.
Jam	1,600 lbs.
Eggs	132,000

Prince of All the Fakirs Lived Like King

THOSE who believe that clairvoyants, quack doctors and dealers in gold bricks are modern products need only turn to the history of "Count Alessandro di Cagliostro" for proof that these professions are very old. This most famous of all "fakers" was born in Palermo, Italy, in 1743, the son of one Balsamo, a shopkeeper, and was educated in a monastery. After developing his talents by various petty crimes, he was charged with murder and fled his native city. He appeared in Alexandria and Malta and then went to Rome, where he married.

Under high sounding names these two traveled over Europe in a coach-and-four, selling love philtres, potions and charms of various sorts. Their superb assurance gained them entry into the highest society in the capitals of Europe. At that period the "Countess Seraphina," as she called herself, was scarcely out of her teens, but asserted she was past sixty, and attributed her youthful appearance to a certain "wine of Egypt," which she sold at fabulous prices, declaring that the use of a few drops a day would restore youth to the old.

In London Cagliostro announced himself as the discoverer of the original system of Egyptian masonry, and proclaimed it his mission to restore the sacred brotherhood to its glory. The Count as the Grand Cophta and the Countess as the Grand Priestess traveled over Europe, living on the fat of the land, and many great men were enrolled among their followers.

Next he settled in Strasburg, where he won the friendship of Cardinal Prince Louis de Rohan. He lived in magnificent state, played the role of philanthropist and was said to have performed hundreds of miraculous cures. He was also a spirit medium, and for a liberal consideration produced the apparition of any desired spirit. Next he went to Paris under the patronage of the great and powerful Cardinal Prince.

The famous affair of the diamond necklace which de Rohan sold to Marie Antoinette resulted in imprisonment for the Cagliostros and their primeely dupe. After their release the Count and Countess went to London, where they were reduced to selling "Egyptian love pills." Afterward they revisited Rome and incurred the displeasure of the Holy Inquisition. The arch-impostor died in a fortress in 1795, and his wife, who had been confined to a nunnery, survived him only a few years.